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A Lawyer Brought to Christ.

THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF ROWLAND B. EDWARDS, THE ENGLISH EVANGELIST.

(The 'Ram's Horn.')

Up to the age of twenty-two I had no thoughts about eternity, in fact, my life was one devoted to pleasure, business and sin. It was about that time when practicing as a lawyer that a brother-in-law, an English barrister, to my surprise, spoke to me about my soul. I say 'surprise,' for up to that hour I knew him only as a worldly unconverted man. I sarcastically remarked that I would give him three months to keep to his religion, feeling sure in my own mind that he would weary of it, and return to the old paths. He replied that the Lord would keep him and still urged me to become a Christian. He induced me to attend some evangelistic services where he had found Christ. I went, and what impressed me most at the outset was the intense earnestness of the preacher. His addresses so fitted itself into my life that I felt sure my brother-in-law had previously informed him of some of the details of my history. This I afterwards found was the case. At the close of the service I went to a hotel to play billiards and have a 'nightcap'—though conscience told me I was all wrong.

The next day I was chaffed considerably by many fellows on the score of having attended a revival service; they said they also were going to turn 'good.' One of them, a bright young fellow (at the hotel bar this took place), said to me he would give up saloon going if I would pledge myself to do the same. To this I agreed, and though, poor boy, he ultimately died a victim to strong drink, yet through the mercy of God it was my last visit. That night I again attended the services and though the Spirit of God strove with me I shrank from a full surrender to the Lord.

Another night and yet another, and then I realized the folly of procrastination any longer and determined to accept the Lord if he would receive me. Mark the 'if.' How little I then knew his wonderful love—the heart that breathed out to every sinner the loving invitation, 'Come,' and from its depths uttered the soul thrilling words, 'him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' The evangelist dealt personally with me at the close of the service, explaining several passages, such as John iii., 16-36, Romans v., 6; and especially Romans x., 9: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved.' My difficulty was, however, that I did not feel saved, although ready to confess the Lord. It was pointed out to me that the above verse did not say 'shalt feel saved,' but 'shalt be saved'—a fact, not a feeling. This brought light to my soul.

I confessed Jesus as my Lord, believing with the heart that God had raised him from the dead and I was there and then saved. God said so and I believed him. Having thus taken God at his word we knelt and thanked him for his salvation, when immediately the happy feelings I had longed for became my experience. I was not only saved, but happy in the knowledge of it. For five more years I continued of my spare time in preaching the gospel in my own neighborhood. At the end of that period a growing desire to do God's will at all costs and an increasing love for Christ and for the souls of men constrained me to relinquish my worldly prospects and led me out entirely into the Lord's work.

The History of One Good Book.

An old Puritan, more than two centuries ago, wrote a little book called 'The Bruised Reed.' Let us trace its effects. It fell into the hands of Richard Baxter, and led him to Jesus Christ, and Baxter wrote 'A Call to the Unconverted.' The 'Call to the Unconverted' was

RICHARD BAXTER.

heard and answered by Philip Doddridge, who went and strengthened his brethren by writing the 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.'

The 'Rise and Progress' touched the heart of William Wilberforce, who in turn wrote the 'Practical View of Christianity,' which brought blessing to Legh Richmond and Thomas Chalmers. Legh Richmond wrote the 'Annals of the Poor,' which was the means of the conversion of large numbers; while Thomas Chalmers became one of the greatest preachers of the century, and won, by his fervid oratory and impassioned appeal, thousands to God.

He was the main support of the great Free Church movement in Scotland, and to him more than to anyone else is Free Presbyterianism indebted for the Sustentation Fund, by which that great Church keeps a well-trained minister in every parish. What the world owes to the Free Churches of Scotland only the Great Day can declare.

So, then, the harvest that has sprung from one almost unknown and forgotten book! Scientists tell us that in the physical world nothing is lost. They say that matter is indestructible. When things seem to be gone out of existence they have only changed their real form. They exist somewhere, and nothing ever is lost.—'Sunday Companion.'

'Saved So As By Fire.'

Sister Pardoe is one of the most earnest workers in one of our South London churches. To look at her, you would never imagine that she is a woman with a past, and is nothing less than a miracle of Divine grace.

There are still lingering traces of early youthful beauty in her comely, happy face. It is with something of the sense of a horrible nightmare that she looks back on her past, and praises God for his grace manifested in her.

Mrs. Pardoe lived in one of the dreariest parts of South London. Like so many more, her husband had been allured to the big city from his native village by the hope of more remunerative employment. It was the worst day's work he ever did.

If anybody ought to have been happy it was Mr. and Mrs. Pardoe; blessed with good health and a fair share of worldly prosperity, the world wore for them its most inviting smile. But, somehow, Mrs. Pardoe began to slip down the social scale. She took to drink, and mixed up with an undesirable set of female companions; and almost before her husband could realize the fact, she had become a confirmed dipsomaniac. It was enough to drive a man of less moral strength to the bad, but he himself retained his sobriety.

The factory bell at Greenwood's, the big builders, where Pardoe worked, was just ringing the men out to dinner, and he, with the rest of the stream, turned his face in the direction of his house. Arrived at his home, he found the breakfast things lying on the table as he had left them; but there was no sign of his wife.

Presently, while he stood sick at heart, looking upon the general appearance of neglect, a loud shout of derision greeted his ears, and on looking out of the window, he saw his wife rolling along in bestial drunkenness followed by a jeering pack of children. It was the last straw; love turned to loathing, and Pardoe's mind was made up.

That afternoon the wretched man, who loved his wife as he loved his own life, went to the emigration office and arranged to leave for one of our colonies, abandoning his wife to her fate. They had no family to bind him, and so he decided upon this drastic course. When he went home he found his wife had slept off her drunken stupor; but he was not to be moved from his purpose, and he revealed his intentions to her.

Days passed, and he was busy making arrangements for his departure. Mrs. Pardoe took fright, for it was evident that his threats were earnest. To the wretched woman it now seemed that her case was hopeless; she had lost all. She loathed herself, and yet she felt powerless. She was conscious that she had sinned away her will power.

It was in this condition that one of our own workers found her, and the poor, wretched woman, in the desperation of her need and misery, poured into the ear of our lady friend all the story of her shame. She saw the pit into

which she had sunk, and also the height of happiness from which she had fallen. What should she do to be saved?

But the greatest sense of her evil condition was that she had forfeited her husband's great love, rather than that she had abused God's mercy.

'My sister,' said our lady visitor, as she listened to the sobbing woman, and laying her hand gently on her shoulder, 'there is hope for you. Will you do as I ask you? If you will, your case is not hopeless. God will not only pardon you, but he will restore your will power to you.

'I want you to kneel down with me in earnest prayer, here and now; confess your sin, trust in Christ's death for pardon; but especially I want you to entreat God for power to keep you. You know you have signed the pledge many times; but that of itself has not kept you. You feel it to be useless; but now ask God for the power.'

There and then the two women knelt side by side, and if ever a distressed and helpless soul did really pray, that poor drink-sodden woman prayed to be delivered from her burning chains. It was one of the holiest sights under heaven. It was the awful conflict with the powers of darkness. Angel and devil were locked together in mortal combat. Which should win?

At length the poor woman rose from her knees, and somehow there crept into her heart a feeling of sacred confidence she had never known before. It seemed as if new power had really been given her. No longer confident of herself, she was confident that Christ could keep her.

'I will see your husband,' said her lady friend, 'and see whether we can persuade him, even now, not to leave you.' She found the unhappy man was willing to give his wife another trial under the new conditions.

Thank God, a dozen happy years have justified his decision. The power of God has kept his wife. She is now a new creature in Christ Jesus. Few know about her unhappy past; and only recently she said to the writer, as her face glowed with rapture, 'God has completely taken away from me the desire for the thing that nearly ruined me.'—The Rev. F. Docker, in the 'Christian.'

No Fear of Death.

'Do you know,' said a poor boy in a hospital in India, to a lady who daily visited him, 'what I've been thinking of all the morning?' 'Of how soon you will see Jesus?' replied the lady. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I've been thinking that I began this Sunday a poor sick boy in the hospital, surrounded by wicked men and sinful talk; and I think I shall be at home before night. I think I've begun a Sunday that will never end. I don't think I shall ever see another week-day.' In the evening she visited him again, and found him lying with his eyes closed, sinking rapidly, but calmly. Stooping over him, she whispered, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' 'Dear Willie, is Jesus with you?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Have you any fear?' 'No; none. I have been wondering why they call it a dark valley. I have found the light growing much brighter every day since I first believed; and now it's so bright that I must shut my eyes.' After praying, he said, 'That is my last prayer; now it shall be only praise for ever and ever.' So thus the poor suffering boy passes away from the Indian Hospital into the presence of his Lord. What a grand thing it is to be thus ready, ready for the call that might come at any moment. Oh! to live, that when our life's pilgrimage is o'er, and the doors of earth close in upon us, and the gates of the grave clang behind us, we may be found ready!—The 'Christian Ambassador.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt from an unknown donor at Christieville, Quebec, of a subscription of $17.00 for the maintenance for one year of a famine orphan at Dhar, Central India.

(MRS.) A. S. CRICHTON,
Sec.-Treas.

Christ's Intercession.

The ordinary notion of intercession is not the New Testament idea. We tend to limit it to prayer for others. There is no such thought in the New Testament use of the phrase. It is a great deal wider than any verbal expression of sympathy and desire. It has to do with realities, not with words. It is not a synonym for asking for another, that some blessing may come upon him; but the intercession of the great High Priest who has gone into the holiest of all for us, covers the whole ground of all the acts by which, by reason of our deep and true union with Jesus Christ through faith, he communicates to his people whatsoever of blessing and grace and sweet tokens of ineffable love he has received from the Father.

Whatsoever he draws in filial dependence from the Divine Father, he, in brotherly unity, imparts to us. And that, the real communication of real blessings, and not the verbal petitioning for gifts, is what he is doing from within the veil. The great High Priest has 'passed into the heavens,' and is 'able also to save . . . to the uttermost . . . seeing he ever liveth to make intercession' for us.—Dr. Maclaren.

The Savage Kaffir.

Suppose that way in South Africa there is a woman whose husband has gone on a long journey in the interior. He is to be away for months, cut off from all postal communications. The wife is very anxious to receive news, but has had no letter or tidings from him.

One day, as she stands in her door, there comes a great savage Kaffir, carrying his spears and shield, and with a terrible face. The woman is frightened, and she rushes into the house and closes the door. He knocks at the door, and she is in terror. She sends her servant, who comes back and says, 'The man says he must see you.'

She goes all affrighted. He takes out an old newspaper, which he had brought from her husband, and inside the dirty newspaper she finds a letter from her husband telling her of his welfare. How that wife delights in that letter! she forgets the face that has terrified her.

Weeks pass away again, and she begins to long for that ugly Kaffir messenger. After long waiting he comes again, and this time she rushes out to meet him because he is the messenger from the beloved husband, and she well knows that, with all his fierce looks, he is the bearer of a message of love.

Beloved, have you yearned to look at tribulation and vexation and disappointment as the dark, savage-looking messenger, with a spear in his hand, that comes straight from Jesus? Have you learned to say, 'There is never a trouble by which my heart is touched or even pierced, but it comes from Jesus and brings a message of love?'—Andrew Murray.

Bible Law.

In the early days of the State of Missouri, old Judge Evans cut cord-wood, cleared up his homestead farm, and was employed on nearly every case that came up; for he was for some years the only lawyer in the county. He had few books except an old leather-covered Bible and an odd volume or two of history; he had only studied law a short time during his youth.

A young attorney from the East settled in the little country town, with his library of half a dozen new and handsomely bound law-books, and on his first appearance in court he brought most of his library to the justice's office in a fine, beautifully flowered carpet-bag. Evans was engaged against him, and, as usual, had not a book.

When his opponent drew his books from the pretty carpet-bag, Evans looked astonished, but quickly recovered his ready resources, and asked the justice to excuse him for a few moments. He hurried home, put his old Bible and histories into a sack, brought them into court, and laid them on the table.

The evidence was introduced, and the Eastern man, who was for the plaintiff, made his opening argument, and read at some length from his text-books. Evans made his speech in reply, closed by reading from his old Bible a law just the reverse of that read by his opponent, and took his seat. His adversary reached over, picked up the Bible, and looked at it.

'Your honor,' said he, eagerly addressing the justice, 'this man is a humbug and a pettifogger! Why, sir, this is "the Bible" from which he has pretended to read law!'

The old justice withered him with a glance. 'Set down!' he thundered. 'Set down! What better law can we git than the Bible?' He decided the case in favor of the defendant.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Gospel of Small Things.

(Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in 'Young Templar.')

A crumb will feed a little bird,
A thought prevent an angry word,
A seed bring forth full many a flower,
A drop of rain foretell a shower!
A little cloud the sun will hide,
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide,
A narrow plank a safe bridge form,
A smile some cheerless spirit warm!
A step begins a journey long,
A weak head oft outwits the strong,
A gull defies the angry sea,
A word will set the captive free!
A hornet goads the mighty beast,
A cry of 'fire' breaks up a feast,
A glass shows wonders in the skies,
A little child confounds the wise!
A straw the wild wind's course reveals
A kind act oft an old grudge heals,
A beacon light saves many a life,
A slight will often kindle strife!
A puff of smoke betrays the flame,
A penstroke e'en will blight a name,
A little hand may alms bestow,
A message small brings joy or woe!
The widow's mite a great gift proved,
A mother's prayer has heaven moved;
'Then let us not,' the poet sings,
'Despise the Gospel of small things.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Curiosity of Tony.

(Sally Campbell, in the 'Wellspring.')

Her name was Violet Hays.

'Vi-let!' scoffed Tony Hirsch. 'A nice-looking vi-let you are! A red-headed, freckled-faced vi'let, with a pair of elbows that couldn't hardly be matched in the city!'

Tony's manners were considered easy even in Tall Row. Violet Hays, her mother and father and the children, were moving in to-day. Tony had 'passed the weather' with Violet, and asked her a question or two.

'You could open oysters with them,' he pursued, still dwelling on the newcomer's elbows, 'using one and resting one, turn about. They'd be stunning for that. Did you ever think of it?'

Tony dodged. He thought for sure she was going to hit.

Violet had colored high under her mottled skin; her eyes looked at him through two narrow, shining slits; her thin hands were clinched hard.

'If it wasn't only for one thing,' she said, gently, 'I'd learn you some politeness!'

'He! he!' snickered Tony.

Again he flinched involuntarily; but the girl turned away from him.

'If it wasn't for one thing,' she repeated, 'I'd choke the wind out of you. Seems as if it ought to be done.'

Mr. Hays was drawing near with a mattress under one arm and a chair under the other. Mrs. Hays followed. Violet fell into line.

The household goods of the Hays family were inexpensive but miscellaneous. Disposing them in one small room at the top of the towering tenement, with countless trips up and down the steep flights of stairs, made a sufficiently laborious day's work. At nightfall, Violet sought the street for air and a little repose.

A baby was screaming in the gutter. So persistent and heart-broken were his cries that they presently detached themselves from the chorus of screaming babies up and down the row. Violet lifted him, kicking and struggling, and carried him to her seat in the doorway. Various neighbors hazarded conjectures as to who he was and what ailed him. But Tony Hirsch spoke with authority.

'It's Mundy's baby. It's lost. You are Mundy's baby, eh? Ain't you?'

A smothered gurgle seemed to give assent.

'Are you lost?'

Another gurgle.

'I told you it was him,' said Tony, triumphantly; 'I told you he was lost.'

'Where do Mundy's live?' asked Violet.

'Three blocks east,' said Tony, 'then down two, and it's No. 6, at the top.'

The boy was heavy and Violet was tired.

'Put him back where he was,' advised Tony. 'They'll be along for him sometime, I guess. Let him cry; he's used to it.'

Violet stood up.

'Come on, little boy,' she said, cheerfully. 'We're going to find your own folks for you. You're Mundy's baby. And you ain't going to be lost long now.'

The baby settled on her arm with a comfortable sob and stuck his finger in his mouth. Tony looked after them.

When Violet came back, Tony was waiting for her with a question.

'It was your one thing, wasn't it, that took you tramping five squares with that brat?'

'Yes,' answered Violet, promptly.

'Well, I want to know what it is.'

'Do you? How are you going to find out?'

'You are going to tell me.'

'Am I? Maybe I am some day when you're good. That will give me time to think about it.'

By the end of the week, Tony had concluded that Violet was 'queer for a red-headed girl.'

'But the red is there, all right. She'd be spunky enough if she would let herself loose. Once she got started it would be better than fireworks.'

Tony's conduct now began to be actuated by the laudable desire of 'starting' Violet. He put into play the varied repertory of tricks by which he made life miserable for more than one of his near neighbors.

But this girl was baffling. She escaped as by miracle from many of his best-laid snares. It was wonderful how easily she detected all of them, and the contemptuous coolness with which she exposed him and passed on made Tony dance with rage.

Sometimes, however, he succeeded. Once she fell over an invisible string and broke an egg and dropped a bun in the gutter. There were several little matters of this sort. On each occasion, hope rose high in Tony's breast; but, after one expectant moment, to his endless chagrin, Violet 'went sailing off with her nose up and her mouth shut so tight you really couldn't hardly see the crack.'

'Let's talk it over,' Tony suggested once as she was disappearing in the doorway.

'Talk!' Violet flung the word fiercely over her shoulder; 'there ain't anything to say.'

'She's queerer yet than I thought she was,' meditated Tony. 'She gets mad enough—inside. And I don't just think she's afraid—much, anyway. I wish't I could see her acting up a little more natural.'

The day was coming when Tony was to see it.

It was the day when he was passing the time away with Hunchback Dan.

Suddenly he felt on his shoulders a clutch like the sharp claws of some wild bird. There was a gleam of red hair, the lightning flash of a pair of eyes that blazed in a face white with wrath under its freckles.

Meantime Hunchback Dan found himself at liberty, and made off with what shuffling speed he could.

Tony could scarcely feel the street under him; his head was whirling.

'I could punch you black and blue!' shouted Violet, hoarsely. 'I could swell your eyes up for you double! I could hurt you so as it would last! And I'd like to do it first-rate. But I won't,' loosening her grasp. 'But I could,' she said regretfully.

Tony believed her. He withdrew to get his breath.

There was one person, if only one, in Tall Row who was always glad to see Tony Hirsch. Uncle Pete Greenfield lived in a ruinous cellar of one of the tenements. One night, when Tony's father and mother, in a domestic difference, had kicked him out into the street, Uncle Pete had taken him in and shared his supper with him and his bed, or what passed for it.

Since then Tony had been very kind to the old man. But he was careful to make a secret of it. Glorying in a well-earned reputation, he was desperately afraid lest his tender mercies to Uncle Pete might be known.

Nobody suspected him until Violet Hays came to live in Tall Row.

It was a hard winter. Uncle Pete's rheumatism was very bad and, but for Tony, he could scarcely have lived. Since Tony's father was always promptly on hand every Saturday at the factory for his son's wages, it was no easy matter for the boy to manage to provide even scantily for the old man's wants. But he managed. He grew too thin as the weeks passed, and his eyes were too big—if there had been anybody to notice it.

'I'll be glad when it comes spring,' he said to Uncle Pete one night. 'The sun is a good bit more warming than a small fire like this, and it's—cheaper,' he was going to say, but he altered it; 'it's nice out-of-doors then.'

Uncle Pete chuckled under the ragged cover-lids and old coats that were wrapped about him in the rickety armchair.

'You don't know what out-of-doors is, son,' he said. 'Nor you don't know much what the spring is. When I was a boy, there was always plenty of both where I lived. A farm is a good place for 'em. You ain't ever rightly seen either one, Tony, and I won't ever again.'

The chuckle was gone. Tony did not answer. In silence they sat side by side, gazing into the small, dull fire and thinking each his own thoughts.

'It is time for supper,' said Tony, by and by. 'I'll get yours ready for you, and then I must go. I've got an engagement this evening.'

He drew up the table and set out on it a meagre supper that would have been his own but that it was Uncle Pete's. Then he went out into the street to start on his nightly search for stray jobs. It was funny how light his head was and how heavy his feet felt.

He met Violet Hays. She eyed him with a gaze that was not unkindly.

'You're not such a bad boy as you let on to be,' she said.

'Oh, no; I'm a good boy,' said Tony.

'It's a pity you ain't better,' replied Violet. 'It's a pity you don't keep the nicest part of you out, where folks can see it.'

Tony grinned.

'School!' he said, sarcastically.

'I wish't it was,' retorted Violet. 'If I had the learning of you, you'd get to know a lot.'

'Would I know how to look pretty,' inquired Tony, 'like you?'

With a twist of her red plait and a tweak of her ear, he went his way.

Tony's heart misgave him that he had been found out.

'It's a piece of that girl's impudence to go nosing into another person's business! Soon as I get more time I'll settle it out with her for fair!'

There was a sound of singing across the street, which swelled louder as the door into a brightly-lit audience room was pushed open for a moment.

'It's one of those gospel meetings,' Tony said to himself. 'I'd go over if I had the time. The place is always warm and the music is prime. I don't take any of their talk; but you need not, you know.'

Once more the song rose louder. Some one else was going into the meeting.

Tony saw a silght figure stand for an instant in the doorway. He watched for it to pass the window inside.

It passed, and Tony doubled up with loud laughter.

'Yes, yes. Now I know what's wrong with her! She's got in with these meetings, and she's swallowed the whole bill of fare, heat, music, gospel, and all. I know now. The next time I see her, if she can't be got to say something else than "Halleluiah," it will be a pity.'

Tony did not stay long on the streets that night, hunting a job. It was no use, he told himself. And it was bitterly cold. Tony felt discouraged.

The meeting was breaking up as he went past. Taking a short cut to Tall Row, he hid himself behind a lamp-post and waited for

Violet. When she came, he jumped out at her with a blood-curdling screech.

Tony had meant this as a mere pleasing preliminary flourish to their interview. What it accomplished was far beyond his hopes. For Violet was startled, her foot slipped on a piece of ice, and she fell, giving her head a smart blow on the pavement.

Promptly she rose up and boxed Tony's ears.

Tony was uproariously delighted.

'Five minutes ago, she was being led in prayer; she was joining in a closing hymn. I guess she must have closed up then for the night. You ain't taking time to be holy just now, are you, dear sister?'

Violet walked on rapidly toward her own door. Tony kept beside her, full of jibes and laughter. At last his stock of nonsense failed for a moment, and, in the temporary lull, Violet spoke more as to herself than to him.

'I wasn't ever going to strike out that way again. I was going to always keep my temper. I wanted to be good. But it was so very quick, I forgot. And now it's done.'

There was trouble in her voice and trouble in her face, as Tony peered at it through the darkness of the ill-lit street.

'I don't see how I come to forget,' said Violet, 'when I'd just been meaning so hard at the meeting that I wouldn't. It seemed as if I'd remember. But I didn't.'

She turned off at her own doorway and Tony went on. Looking back, he could see dimly that she had sat down on the step into the street, with her head propped dejectedly on her hand.

Violet drew away with a start at the sight of Tony again.

'I say,' he began, and wavered.

It was not a bad impulse that had brought him back again. It was so good that he was embarrassed by it; he could not support it.

'I say,' he began over again, briskly, ' if you lose your job in the gospel business, the other side will take you on; it will be only a great pleasure. You'd suit fine. You could be lovely and bad, if you tried—if you didn't try, I mean.'

With another of his loud, mocking laughs, Tony took himself off finally.

His sleep was uneasy that night, as it often had been lately. He dreamed that he was in wide, lonely places, surrounded by crowding masses of fierce animals. Sometimes they were wolves, and sometimes they were lions or tigers. Always they were hungry. At the end of his dreams, just before he woke in horror, it was no longer he himself who was about to be overwhelmed, but it was Uncle Pete, muffled up raggedly in his crazy armchair, or else it was Violet Hays, sitting on the doorstep with her head in her hand.

The next day, when Tony left the factory at noon, he tried to cross the street at the corner. But the horses and drays and the big crowd confused him; he did not know how to get out of their way.

When Tony came to himself, he was in the hospital.

Very soon he remembered Uncle Pete. How long had he been here? What had happened to Uncle Pete?

The nurse's hand was on him, pressing him back on the pillows; her voice was in his ears, telling him that he must be quiet. He was too weak not to obey. But what had happened to Uncle Pete?

Presently the doctor came and looked at him and felt his pulse. Then he went off a few steps and talked to the nurse.

'The boy is too feverish,' said the doctor. 'Has anything excited him?'

Tony did not hear what the nurse answered.

'Give it to him,' said the doctor, 'and keep him quiet.'

The nurse came back and leaned over the cot. Tony did not look at her. What did she care for Uncle Pete?

'A note was left here for you,' said the kind nurse.

Tony lifted his eyes to the scrap of paper which she held open before him.

'Can you read it?' she asked.

He nodded eagerly.

Scrawled in big, crooked letters in pencil were the words:—

'Uncle Pete is all right. he's Warm donte wurry.'

'Who—who?'— Tony tried to ask a question. His voice seemed to come from a great distance.

'A girl brought it,' said the nurse.

'Red-headed?' asked the far-away, gramophone voice; 'freckles?'

'Yes, yes,' smiled the nurse. 'Now you must lie still and go to sleep.'

Tony turned his head over on the pillow.

'It was her! It was Vi'let!' he said to the wall; it was much easier to talk to the wall. 'She come all the way here a-purpose. I wish't I had only told her that last time that she'd done really well. I would have, only I ain't used to saying them things. Next time I see her, I'll tell her, sure.'

The next time that Tony saw Violet was on the day that he left the hospital. He was much subdued, not by his accident, but by the exceedingly odd nature of his reception among his own people. The banana woman at the corner had been the first to see him, and had greeted him most cordially, apparently quite forgetful of much that was past. As he went down the street, men stopped him, and the women came out of their doors to speak to him or called a welcome to him from the upper windows.

It made Tony feel downright queer, but it was a very pleasant feeling, too. Yes, it was, really.

Violet explained: 'The neighbors all think everything of your doing so much for Uncle Pete. They can't get over it. After this we're all going to share up on him more, so as you won't have it to do alone any longer. It's too much.'

'Uncle Pete's visiting Mrs. Barnhill this morning,' said Tony.

'He ain't visiting,' responded Violet, triumphantly. 'He's boarding! That's where he's going to stay; the neighbors are keeping him there. She's poor, and he's poor. It helps both. Everybody together can do it easy, but it was too much for one. Not many boys would have tried.'

'How's the meetings?' asked Tony, by way of changing the embarrassing subject and introducing another.

'Just the same,' said Violet, flushing apprehensively.

Tony cleared his throat.

'I say, Vi-let, I've been to those meetings often. I've heard all their gospel talk. But I never took particular notice of it till you—'

'I didn't get it right,' Violet interrupted him, eagerly. 'I knew you'd laugh if you knew I was trying. I wasn't going to say anything till I could give the idea of it more like what it is. And then that night—' Her voice wavered. She stopped.

'Maybe you didn't get it perfect,' said Tony. 'But talking an idea off in meeting is a good bit easier than acting it out in Tall Row. And what you've done has been the gospel, I guess. For it's been something fine, and,' choosing the word carefully, 'forgiving, and,' choosing another, 'friendly. I guess it's been the gospel all right.'

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Aunt Rose's Philosophy.

(Jane M. Miller, in 'Wellspring.')

Edna was with her mother in the sitting-room, talking emphatically as usual, with the customary waving of hands and nodding of head. Aunt Rose put her head in at the door.

'Bless me!' she said, 'is this a political or religious meeting? Certainly no common, every-day occurrences could call for such a display of eloquence.' She closed the door behind her and limped over to the fire, for Aunt Rose was very lame.

Edna pushed the little rocking-chair over to the glowing grate, and Aunt Rose sat down with a pleasant nod of thanks.

'Oh, Aunt Rose, you remember, don't you, how Julia Barlow fell on the ice when we all were out skating together a few weeks ago? Of course, we knew she was hurt a little, but now the doctor says she will most likely be lame all her life. Isn't it dreadful? I'd rather be dead than—' and here Edna caught a warning look from her mother and she turned crimson—she had forgotten for the moment about Aunt Rose being lame.

Aunt Rose, looking up, intercepted the look and saw the flush, but smiled quietly to herself.

'My dear,' she began, 'I am very sorry to hear of your friend Julia's trouble. It is very hard to be young and—not like other people, but there are many worse things than being lame.'

'I didn't mean that, Aunt Rose. Of course, it's worse to be blind or deaf or paralyzed.' Edna felt very much ashamed of her thoughtlessness, for every one loved Aunt Rose dearly.

The latter went on after a moment's pause, however, apparently without having heard her niece: 'We lame people, I think, see a great deal of the beauty of human nature that you sound people miss.' She looked up with a smile. 'You see, no one ever hustles or jostles us on the street. I never saw a street car conductor who wouldn't help me on and off, no matter how hurried he was. The roughest workingman, with lime on his clothes and clay on his shoes, will step off to let me get on a car—yes, and give me a helping hand, too. No matter how crowded the vehicle is, somebody will get up to give me a seat. It may be a plain laborer or perhaps a dapper young dandy—it's always the same, and it's just because they want to help people who can't help themselves, don't you see, dear? It brings out what is gentle and thoughtful in them, every one. Perhaps God meant it that way; it may have been his purpose to keep the hearty, healthy people tender by giving them something very weakly and dependent to look after.'

Edna threw her arms round the little figure in the rocker. 'I don't believe one word of it,' she cried. 'People are good to you because it's you, and because you are the dearest, sweetest person in the world; because the loveliness in your soul just shines out in your face. They couldn't help but be lovely to you, not even if they were—were hydras and—and minotaurs. So there!'

'Mercy,' laughed Aunt Rose, 'what a wholesale corroboration of my position! Now, you know, you little flatterer, that you never would have poured such double-distilled compliments upon any of your other aunties, no matter how much they might deserve them and like them, too,' she concluded with a merry nod.

'But seriously, my dear, if your friend Julia only realizes her opportunities, she will find that she holds a key to unlock storehouses of sweetness and light in her fellow-men which are sealed with seven seals to all the rest of humanity. It will be hers to enjoy the treasures when she finds them.'

I wonder how many people on whom God has

laid the hand of affliction have been able to see such a purpose in it as Aunt Rose saw? For Aunt Rose is a real, veritable human being and lives to this day to adorn and bless the circle which is privileged to possess her. Does anyone suppose that Aunt Rose has never received a slight or an insult, has never caught a cruel, inquisitive glance, has never been the recipient of a too-obvious sympathy which is to the sensitive soul shut up in a deformed body like oil of vitriol to the shrinking flesh? Certainly she has, but her philosophy in such matters is summed up in one little sentence, 'It is a great blessing to have a capital memory, and a greater one still to have an equally capital forget-ory.'

You see, Aunt Rose has incorporated into her philosophy that phrase in Dr. van Dyke's little gem, 'A Foot-path to Peace,' which tells us 'to think often of one's friends and seldom of one's enemies,' and has opened up quite a mine of analogies for herself—to think often of one's mercies, seldom of one's misfortunes; often of kindnesses received, seldom of slights; often of virtues of those about one, and as seldom as possible of their little disfiguring foibles—a person might carry the list on indefinitely with profit to himself.

Let no one suppose that Aunt Rose is perfect—she has her faults, too, like other people, but she early made up her mind that God had given her what he believed was best for her, and she determined to assist him in making her character strong and beautiful by resolutely looking out for the blessings to be found in her lot and for the noble traits in those with whom she comes in contact. She believes that he has given her this bodily infirmity for some wise purpose of his own, and she is assured that there can be found some surpassing blessing concealed behind every cross, just as the sweetest fruits are sometimes hidden in the bitterest rinds.

So Aunt Rose's life is like the flower whose name she bears, which sheds its rich perfume on the surrounding air and helps to make so much sweetness and beauty for all the world.

At the Eleventh Hour.

(Albert Ward Dippy, in the 'Advocate.')

For months the Anti-Slavery Party had conducted the most active campaign in the history of the town. Clairton's best citizens had aided materially in the work, but on the eve of election the outlook was very discouraging. It seemed that the liquor element had thrown reserve to the winds, and it was openly rumored that it would be made worth while for anyone who would vote the machine ticket. The saloons were crowded, and free drinks were dispensed to the 'faithful' in any quantity.

Bart Hedley's palatial rum-shop was literally thronged. The machine candidate for Sheriff was there in all the glory of his silk hat and patent leathers. A diamond glistened in his shirt front. His brewery gave employment to scores of men who were the leaders of the old party, and he openly boasted that he had spent a cool thousand of dollars to land the office.

'Come on, Bart, fill 'em up. Let the boys have all they want to-night. This is my own treat.' He laid a crisp, new five dollar bill on the bar and beckoned to those about him. 'Do not be afraid, boys; take all you want. Nobody can say that Bob Hart's close with his pile.'

As the crowd surged toward the bar, the 'sheriff elect,' as he confidently styled himself, glanced over the eager faces with an ill-concealed sneer. Poor fools, if they only knew his thoughts—the contempt in which he held them! Let them drink, aye, drink their fill—be brutes—what was it to him if they degraded their manhood? His brewery would receive the benefit, as free drinks on election eve would only whet their appetites for paid drinks on other days.

As everyone was intent on his glass, the door opened and Claude Stanton, one of the staunch 'tee-totallers,' slipped in quietly and unobserved. He was seeking for some of the weaker ones whom he feared would be enticed away from their allegiance. He did not mingle with those at the bar, but stood, half hidden, behind a heavy column, scanning the upturned faces. Boys scarcely out of their teens were there, shoulder to shoulder with those whose bleared eyes betokened their curse; men of every age, including a few old gray-beards, whose years should have taught them the deadly danger lurking in the sparkling fluid.

Out of the noise and laughter a voice then shouted 'Three cheers for Bob Hart, our next Sheriff!' The hoarse maudlin voices were boisterously raised. Their tongues were loosened by the fiery liquor, and they would have cheered for Beelzebub himself if mentioned.

'A toast! A toast!'

'Yes, boys, on me; this is my treat to-night. Fill 'em up, Bart.'

'What shall it be?'

'To the health and prosperity of our candidate!'

Every glass was raised—some very unsteadily; but they never drank; before the liquor could touch their lips the door swung violently open, and an old man staggered into the room.

He was a physical wreck—one glance sufficed to see that—his clothes were soiled and in rags; the deep-sunk eyes gleamed with an unnatural light, and the pallor of his face showed only too plainly that his time on this earth was short.

He was so weak that he would have fallen on the sanded floor had not rough hands been outstretched to help him.

'Hump! Who is this drunken loafer, Bart?' the voice was that of the future sheriff. 'Put him out; don't fool with him.'

At the words the old man started, and fixed his eyes intently upon the speaker. Those who held him felt a thrill run through his frame. Appealingly he held up his hand, a thin, gaunt hand, scarcely more than skin and bones. 'Boys,' said he in a weak, wavering voice, 'Boys, listen to me for a moment, for God's sake, if not for mine. I want to tell you a story. I'm not drunk—only——'

'Put him out, I say!' roared Bob Hart, his fat, flabby face red with anger. But a murmur of protest arose, and the barkeeper knew better than to cross his patrons.

'Oh, let him tell his story, Bob; it'll amuse the boys.'

The brewer muttered something incoherently to himself, but said no more. It would be poor policy to endanger votes on the eve of an election—votes already paid for, at that.

Meanwhile, the old man was led to the bar. He leaned heavily on it for support, glancing timidly at the scowling countenance of the politician.

'Go on, old man, no one will hurt you while I am here.'

The voice was a strange one to the patrons of the saloon, and everyone turned to view the speaker. More than one half-intoxicated young man flushed guiltily as he recognized the earnest face of Claude Stanton. But no one essayed to dispute his words, and the old man began again.

'Boys, I was a citizen of this town twenty years ago. Possibly some of you remember me.' He looked slowly about as if to seek a familiar face, and his glance rested for a moment on the countenance of the brewer, as if to assure himself. No one spoke. 'My name is—Harry West—'

A savage imprecation left the brewer's lips and he went over to where the old man stood and peered fixedly into his face. He started back as if struck by a blow. He must get this man out of the way at all hazards. To think that he would turn up on the eve of his triumph, after twenty years of silence, was unbearable.

'Bart, if you don't throw this fellow into the street, I will.' The words were emphasized by the vilest of language, and his face was white with passion. He made as if to enforce his words, but a strong, muscular arm interposed, and a calm voice said:

'Your accursed traffic, Bob Hart, has killed many men; don't try to add to the number by personal violence.'

The determination expressed in the words, and the cold, clear glance caused the brewer to change his mind, and he turned as if to leave the room. A dozen voices called him back. He hesitated, and then reluctantly returned to the bar. The expression on his face was not very pleasant to see.

'I must hurry, boys, as I'm going fast,' it was the old man's quavering voice. 'I was a young fellow like some of you here in those days, and made a good living. My house was one of the best little homes in the village at that time, and my wife and little one looked up to me as a man among men. Then the change came. The brewery was built here and a saloon started. I was led into the habit; you all know how it is, boys. I drank until I had nothing left but my home. I ran into debt, feeling that my very life depended upon the accursed stuff. I lost my job and had not even enough to buy food for my heart-broken wife and baby. In a fit of madness I mortgaged my home to the saloon-keeper to get drink. I went from bad to worse. My little one died; yes, died of starvation, while I spent every cent I got over the bar. The time came for me to make the first payment on the mortgage. I had no money. One cold winter night the constable was directed to set my poor belongings into the street, and there my wife contracted the cold that sent her to join her little one.'

The old man was nearly exhausted, and he paused for breath. Not a sound was heard in the bar-room, and in more than one eye there was a suspicious moisture.

'I—I became a wanderer on the face of God's earth, as the man who took my home and my money kicked me out when I asked him for assistance. Drink was my God. The demon controlled me body and soul. You see the result,' he gazed down at his emaciated body and tattered clothes, and then at the diamond and costly attire of the brewer. His voice was failing rapidly, and he hurried on. 'I wanted to die in the home of my youth, and I managed to get back here. All around the town I saw photographs of my enemy. He is now a candidate for office. I heard he was here. He is right here. Now, boys, if you value your homes, your wives and little ones, don't let the old gang win. Their candidate—that man there,' and the long, bony finger pointed accusingly at Bob Hart's pale face, 'is the one who robbed me of my manhood and my wealth; that tricked me into signing away my home, and then turned my wife out into the street to die!'

All eyes followed the accusing finger. Guilt was written on every line of the brewer's face. Loud angry cries of 'Shame! shame!' resounded from many now thoroughly sobered lips, and he realized that his cause was lost. With a muttered curse he left the place.

Attention now turned to the old man, who

had sunk heavily to the floor. A stimulant was placed to his lips, but with fast expiring strength he struck the glass aside. Willing hands bore him to an adjoining room, where he quietly breathed his last.

'Boys'—this time it was Claude Stanton's clear voice. 'You have heard the old man's story. You have seen the guilt betrayed by the accused. He is the candidate for our highest office on the machine ticket. Will you place him in power? Will you vote to betray your homes and families into the hands of this brute? Will you vote to drag yourself down to the condition of the unfortunate being who has just ended a career of shame? Be men! Drive the accursed rum-power from our town. To-morrow you have the chance. Will you do it?'

It was a bold speech in the very stronghold of the enemy, but the magnetism of his words and the intense earnestness of his manner were contagious. To the surprise of everyone, Bart Hedley came out from behind the bar, and he stood beside the speaker.

'I would not follow Bob Hart a moment longer if every cent I possess depended upon it,' he said. 'Boys, I've been going to give up this business for a long time, but now I take my stand. Hereafter I'll earn my living honestly. I vote for the reform party to-morrow. Who follows?'

A great cheer arose, and Claude Stanton's hand found its way into Hedley's in a hearty clasp.

Next morning the 'Clairton Courier' came out with a double-leaded leader giving the story in detail, and stating that Hedley had closed his saloon.

The town was afire with enthusiasm, and many of Bob Hart's adherents openly rebelled.

At seven o'clock in the evening the judge of election declared Clairton a temperance town.

A visit to the modest little cemetery to-day would disclose a plain shaft of white marble over a solitary grave. Inscribed on the stone are the words: 'Erected to the Memory of One who was instrumental in Protecting our Sons and Our Homes. A Tribute of Clairton's Citizens.'

The Story of a Life.

'I wish I could write a story!'

Hazel had been sitting quietly for a long time, watching Aunt Ruth's fingers fly over the typewriter keys, while a story grew line by line on the white paper. At length the white sheet was finished, and Hazel looked with respect at the bulky manuscript.

Aunt Ruth smiled down into the earnest brown eyes. 'You are writing a story, dear,' she said.

Hazel's eyes opened wide. 'Why, Aunt Ruth!' she exclaimed, 'what do you mean? You know I couldn't do that, not if I tried ever so hard. I'd have to know ever so much more than I do now.'

'But you are writing one,' Aunt Ruth went on. 'You can't help writing it if you would; but you can make it the kind of a story that you choose—either a grand, noble story that will make everyone who reads a bit of it better, or a worthless, frivolous one that will do no one any good. It may be a long story or it may be a short one; we cannot tell that yet. You are writing the twelfth chapter just now.'

'Oh, I know!' Hazel interrupted, a light breaking over her puzzled face. 'You mean the story of my life; but I'm not writing that—I'm just living it. I'm glad I'm not writing it, for I'm afraid it isn't always a very good story, and I wouldn't want people to read the parts when I am bad.'

'But you are writing it, dear,' Aunt Ruth insisted. 'And you are writing it where it will not get destroyed, as books sometimes do.'

Hazel still looked puzzled. 'Tell me about it, Auntie, please,' she coaxed, drawing a footstool close to Aunt Ruth and curling up cozily at her feet. She always insisted that she could listen better that way.

Aunt Ruth stroked the brown hair gently. 'Yes,' she said, 'you are not only writing a story, but there are several copies of it. One copy God keeps, for he tels us in the Bible that a book of remembrance is kept. But there are other copies, too. I wonder if you can guess where they are written?'

Hazel shook her head.

'One copy is written in the lives of the people about you. Did you ever think of that? You know that you never meet anyone without influencing that person a little; some people you influence a great deal; but everyone with whom you come in contact is a little better or not quite so good, a little happier and not quite so happy, because of you. Don't you see that there is a bit of your story written in each of their lives? We cannot be good without making it easier for others to be good, and we cannot do wrong without making it a little harder for others to do just what is really right. So you see that bit by bit, our whole story is written in the lives of those about us.'

Hazel's face was very sober. Writing this life story was beginning to seem like a very important responsibility for a little girl.

'And another copy,' Aunt Ruth went on, 'is written in yourself—in your character. Everything that you do makes you a little different from the girl that you were before; the act, or the thought, or the word, is written in your character; if it is kind and true, then your character will be kinder and truer after it. To-morrow you will not be exactly the same girl that you are to-day. In a year from now you will be quite different. What do you suppose will determine just what kind of a girl you will be then?'

'The kind of a story that I write in my character between now and then, I suppose,' Hazel answered, thoughtfully. 'Oh, dear!' she added, 'I never thought before that it made so much difference what I did. I didn't know it was all written down. I thought I just did it, and that was the end of it. Are there any more copies, auntie?'

'Yes, dear, there is a copy written in your face. It is written in your face bit by bit. You know if you feel happy we can tell it by your face. But that is not all. After your face has been covered with smiles or with frowns, the muscles do not go back to just the same place that they were before; there is a little difference—the feeling that prompted the smile or the frown has been written in your face. After it has been written over and over again a great many times, it grows very plain, so that everybody can read it. You have seen old people whose faces were so very peaceful, kind and loving that you knew there was a whole life of kind and loving thoughts and acts written there; and you have seen others whose faces were so hard and unhappy that you knew they had always been unhappy and selfish.'

'Grandma Davis must have done ever so many lovely things to make her face so lovely and kind as it is,' Hazel said after a little silence when she had been thinking deeply. 'Yes, she is always doing something for somebody. Oh, dear! I'm afraid my face won't ever look like hers; but I'll try my best not to let any cross words or looks be written anywhere. I'm glad you told me about the stories, Auntie, and I'm truly going to try and remember about them and write just the very best story I can.' Aunt Ruth laid her hand on Hazel's head lovingly. 'The story that God had planned for you to write is a very beautiful one,' she said, 'and if you live near to him, so that he can always direct you, you will write the beautiful story he has planned.'—'The Girl's Companion.'

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After the War—A Japanese Egypt—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Mines in Naval Warfare—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Hirose, the Hero—By A. H. Hales, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Travels in Manchuria—Hardships Endured by those who tried to Escape from Port Arthur—The New York 'Times.'
Sir Robert Hart on the Reorganization of China—Correspondence of the London 'Times.'
Chinese Exclusion—The 'Outlook,' New York.
The Persian Gulf Kidnapping—France's Opportunity—The 'Daily Tribune,' New York.
Recollections of Richard Cobden—Goldwin Smith's Tribute to the Great Statesman—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The 'Pilot'—A Paper which will be Missed—The 'Pilot,' London, and Manchester 'Guardian.'
From Gutter to Empire—The Life of a Slum Child—By H. B., in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Slavery—Russell Sage on Vacations—The 'Wall Street Journal.'
Theological Examiners and Priests' Orders at Oxford—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Oxford Theology—By E. J. Palmer, in the 'Pilot.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Musicians' Mannerisms—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Mr. John Coleman—A Veteran Actor Manager—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Pools in the Forest—Poem, by Ethel Clifford, in the 'Pilot,' London.
My Thrush—Poem, by Mortimer Collins, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
To Blossoms—Song, by Herrick.
The Unintelligence of our Civilization—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
'The Miniature'—A Clever Imitation—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
A New Historian—By George W. E. Russell, in the 'Speaker,' London.
A Border of Blue Flowers—The 'Speaker,' London.
No Conversation—By Mrs. Aria, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Christ's Royal Claim—A Missionary Sermon—The 'Baptist Times and Freeman,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Japan: A Paradox in Education—The 'Nation,' New York.
The Skies in June—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
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LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Human Clock.

(By Annie Willis McCullough, in 'Youth's Companion.')

It's very hard indeed to learn the hours the clock-hands say,
But I have learned to count a few in such a pleasant way.

When Mr. Clock holds out his right, and points his left up straight,
I know it's kindergarten-time, and so I'm never late.

When both the hands are pointing down I know it's time for tea,
I know, too, by the hungry place away inside of me!

And when I see his hands reach up, till both look just like one,
I'm sure the closing-bell will ring, for dinner and for fun.

And when the left hand reaches out, the right hand pointing high,
The big girls all come home from school, and then the time will fly.

But 'tisn't very long before the hands are pointing so,
Then that's the end of all the day, and I to bed must go.

Of course it's much more clever to tell all times of day,
But I am such a little child I tell my hours this way!

Bow-wow.

'Bow-wow-wow!' That is what I said when I first saw the little boy. The boy's papa had brought me to his house from the home where I had been living ever since I was a puppy. I had not been with so small a boy before. That was why I said, 'Bow-wow-wow!' meaning, in the boy's language, 'My! what a small boy you are to live with!'

'O the big black dog! I'm afraid!' cried the little boy, hiding behind his mamma's chair.

'Pat him on the head, Jack,' said papa. "Bruno won't hurt you. He was only saying, 'Hello, little fellow!' in dog language.'

I wagged my tail, for I was Bruno, and then I said, 'Bow,' once, and tried to look just as pleasant as I could.

But because I had my mouth open, I think, the little boy thought I was ready to bite; for after peering around at me, as though perhaps he would pat my head after all, he drew quickly out of sight again.

'Come up to Jack's papa, Bruno,' said the man. 'Let me pat your head, so Jack may see that you won't bite.'

So I frisked right up to his chair. But I did not say anything, for fear I would scare the little boy again.

While the man was patting me and talking to me, I could see Jack's feet moving, very slowly, under his mamma's chair. And pretty soon I saw the top of Jack's head coming out from behind the back of the chair.

'The dog won't hurt you, dear,' said mamma. 'Pat his pretty head once, while papa has his arms around Bruno's neck.'

'Thank you, little boy's mamma,' said I, in my language, for I try to be polite. But I had forgotten that it frightened Jack to hear me speak, and I was sorry I said anything when he hid the third time.

'Didn't you ever hear the pussy-cat say, "Me-ow," and the sheep say "Ba-a," Jack?' asked mamma. 'Well, that's their way of talking. When Bruno says "Bow-wow," he is just talking, and he would not bite you for anything.'

'Are you sure, mamma?' asked a little voice from behind the chair.

'Yes, dear, for Bruno is a good dog.'

Then Jack's papa took my head between his hands, and said to me with a smile, 'What a good dog you are, Bruno.' That pleased me, so I wagged my tail, but kept still.

Pretty soon the little boy came slowly out behind the chair. He looked as if he was afraid of me even then, but at last he was on papa's knee, with one of his feet resting on my back; and then, very gently, he put down one hand until it just touched one of my ears.

'Why, papa, he didn't try to bite me a little bit!' cried Jack, in great glee.

'No, of course not; and now you may play with Bruno all you wish to. But never try to hurt him, Jack.'

The little boy patted my ears, and pretty soon he got over being

afraid of me. Now you may see him playing with me at almost any time in the day.

I like Jack, for he never hits me with a stick, as I have seen some boys hit dogs. I am a happy Bruno. And now that I have told my story, I bid you 'Bow-wow,' or "Good night."—Willis Edwin Hurd, in the 'Child Garden.'

A Ghost Story.

Let me tell how a little girl once got over a great fright, just by fearing God and having right thoughts about him. She went to pay a visit to her aunt in the country. While there she had to sleep in a room by herself. This was not very pleasant to her, for at home she always slept with her sister.

One night during this visit she awoke suddenly, and saw something white at the foot of her bed. Its head, which she thought she saw plainly as could be, was turned a little to one side, and was looking at her. She said to herself, "It is a ghost, I am sure it is!" and she pulled the bedclothes over her head. Presently she said to herself, "Well, what if there is a ghost here, is not God here, too? and does not the Bible say that nothing can harm those who trust in him?" Then she tried to put her trust in God.

This gave her courage, and she resolved to take another look at the white thing. It did look very much like a living thing of some kind.

"Well, if it is," she thought to herself, "I'll speak to it"; and she cried out, "Who is there?" The figure did not stir nor answer. There it stood as still and white as ever.

"My father says there are no ghosts," she said to herself. "And if there are what harm is it likely they want to do me? I'll just put my trust in God, and he can take care of me." This thought gave her courage and made her feel more comfortable. Still, there stood the figure.

"I'll know who or what you are," said the little girl. "Mother says frights are worse in people's fancies than anywhere else."

Then she jumped out of her bed and marched straight up to the figure. How many children would have done that? I am afraid some grown people would hardly have had the courage to do it. But this dear child walked straight up to it. And what do you suppose it proved to be? Why, it was only the moonlight shining through the curtains on the wall.

"How much it did look like a head with eyes and nose and mouth," she said; and then she jumped in bed again. For awhile she lay and looked at it. But it only looked like moonshine now, and no ghost; and she wondered how she could have been so deceived. And that, I daresay, was as much as ghosts ever are—only moonshine. She kept her eye on the soft silver light till she fell into a sweet sleep again.—Dr. Newton.

The Red Hair Story.

(By Emilia Elliott, in the 'Congregationalist').

(Concluded.)

'Then came the carrying out of doors of the little pine table, square and stained red; the lifting down from the shelf in the best pantry of the quaint blue and white tea set. Though a child's play set, it was not so very small. The old-fashioned cups held a fair amount of tea—not real tea, by any means, but cambric tea, tasting almost like the genuine article, when poured from that delightful little pot. The cupcakes were given the place of honor in the centre of the table, wreathed round with sprigs of lemon verbena and saucy yellow pansies.

'It was still light when they ran laughing upstairs to bed—for once bed-time was welcome. "Aren't you glad your mother said you could stay?" Blanche said, over and over, as they undressed.

'Then, in a flash, the fun and frolic of the moment was lost to Lyddy. Blanche sat on a low stool brushing out her hair for the night. "Aren't you going to do yours?" she asked then stopped.

'In Lyddy's childish eyes a strange light burned. "She's brushing and brushing on purpose to hurt me—she asked me that on purpose to hurt me—I wish she'd get lots and lots of burrs into that hair of hers," she said to herself, and had hard work not to say it aloud.

'On the table lay the burr ball; Blanche had left it there before supper. Lyddy reached out and touched it. "Do come to bed—I'm sleepy," she said, impatiently.

'"O dear, I thought we'd stay awake talking, ever so long," Blanche objected. But she came good-naturedly. She was soon asleep; Lyddy tossed restlessly, thinking of the burrs on the table, seeing Blanche's bright hair thrown carelessly over her pillow.

'Lyddy woke next morning, feeling that something had happened and wondering, at first, where she was. She soon recollected, but where was Blanche, and where were those burrs? Suddenly Lyddy remembered. What would be done to her? No one would love her any more.

'Her pitiful sobbing brought Blanche, but Lyddy would not look up—would not tell her what the trouble was—would only cry bitterly. Blanche flew for her mother.

'Seated on Mrs. Barton's lap, Lyddy at last sobbed out her confession—how she had sat up in bed in the night and rubbed the burrs into Blanche's hair, and how sorry she was—but it was too late.

'"Why dear," Mrs. Barton said, soothingly, "it was only a dream. I threw the burrs out last night, while you were both sound asleep. You were thinking about them before you went to sleep, you see."

'"And you wouldn't have done it really," Blanche declared; "now don't cry any more."

'Lyddy drew a deep breath—very glad indeed it was nothing but a dream.'

Grandmother laid down her sewing.

'That's a lovely story,' Meg said.

'And the moral'—Grandmother began.

Meg made a protesting little face. 'I think mamma wants me,' she observed. Grandmother smiled.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON I.—JULY 3.

The Kingdom Divided.

I. Kings xii., 12-20.

Golden Text.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Proverbs xvi., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 27.—I. Kings xii., 1-11.
Tuesday, June 28.—I. Kings xii., 12-25.
Wednesday, June 29.—I. Sam. viii., 10-22.
Thursday, June 30.—I. Kings xi., 26-40.
Friday, July 1.—II. Chron. xi., 5-17.
Saturday, July 2.—II. Chron. xii., 1-14.
Sunday, July 3.—II. Chron. xiii., 3-21.

12. So Jeroboam and all the people came to Rehoboam the third day, as the king had appointed, saying, Come to me again the third day.

13. And the king answered the people roughly, and forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him;

14. And spake to them after the counsel of the young men, saying, My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke: my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.

15. Wherefore the king hearkened not unto the people; for the cause was from the Lord, that he might perform his saying, which the Lord spake by Ahijah the Shilonite unto Jeroboam the son of Nebat.

16. So when all Israel saw that the king hearkened unto them, the people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents.

17. But as for the children of Israel which dwelt in the cities of Judah, Rehoboam reigned over them.

18. Then king Rehoboam sent Adoram, who was over the tribute; and all Israel stoned him with stones, that he died. Therefore king Rehoboam made speed to get him up to his chariot, to flee to Jerusalem.

19. So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day.

20. And it came to pass, when all Israel heard that Jeroboam was come again, that they sent and called him unto the congregation, and made him king over all Israel: there was none that followed the house of David, but the tribe of Judah only.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

During the first six months of 1904 we studied the life of Christ, but now we turn again to take up the history of Israel. You will recall that our opening lesson a year ago, on this subject, was, 'Israel Asking for a King.' The young nation was about to adopt the custom of the heathen nations round about by becoming a kingdom and possessing the pomp and glory of a royal house.

Then we followed the fortunes of the nation under its first three kings, Saul, David, and Solomon. It was displeasing to God that the request for a king was made, and we have found the nation paying the penalty of its disobedience by sharing the troubles of royalty.

Now, when King Solomon died, he left the kingdom in a splendid condition, outwardly, for its bounds had been enlarged, and during his reign of peace its wealth had been greatly increased. The people now numbered some six millions. But the very prosperity of Solomon's reign prepared the way for trouble. Heathen immoralities crept in, and the people were made restless by heavy taxes.

Solomon, so far as the Bible gives us his history, had only one son, Rehoboam, and the mother of this prince was a heathen princess for whom Solomon built a place for idol worship, for he had taken wives from among the idolatrous nations about Israel. This son had thus received very poor religious and moral preparation for the duties that devolved upon him when his father died. He was probably twenty-one when he came to the throne.

Jeroboam was a man who had been brought to Jerusalem during Solomon's reign to assist in the building of the fortifications. He had proved very capable, and had been advanced to govern the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh.

Through the prophet Ahijah Jeroboam was informed that God would rend the kingdom from Solomon's hand, and give Jeroboam ten tribes. I. Kings xi., 29-39. After this Solomon sought Jeroboam's life so that he fled to Egypt. After the death of Solomon, Rehoboam, his son, ascended the throne, but the people summoned Jeroboam from Egypt to Shechem where the question of their allegiance to the new king was to be considered.

Jeroboam came, and there at Shechem the people showed King Rehoboam how Solomon his father had oppressed them and asked that he relieve them of this heavy yoke, promising to serve him if he would do so. The king asked three days in which to consider, and at first sought the advice of the old men, who had counselled his father. They counselled him to make fair promises to the people so that he might win their allegiance. Rejecting this advice, Rehoboam turned to the young men who had been his own companions. They, in their haughtiness, told him to tell the people that he would make their burdens heavier than ever. It is at this critical point that we resume our study of the history of Israel. Read all of chapter xii.

The exact date of this lesson is not known, but it was the tenth century before Christ.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 12-14. 'And the king answered the people roughly.' We are told that 'Jeroboam and all the people' came to the king on the third day. Already Jeroboam was recognized as a leader to look up to in this time of uncertainty. On the third day the king gives his answer as he has agreed to do, but he follows the foolish advice of his young men, setting aside the wisdom of his father's counsellors.

Notice how foolish and utterly reckless the boast of the young king in verse 14. He would not only continue the oppression begun by his father, but he would be utterly tyrannical. He failed to see that the people were already deeply stirred, that they had a strong leader, that the most experienced of his advisors realized that concessions should be made.

Every community has its Rehoboams, young fellows of promise and good prospect, who have lost all through neglecting wise counsel and following wild comrades.

15. 'For the cause was from the Lord.' This verse presents a difficulty in the way of the old question concerning the relation between the divine and the human will. We may ask how Rehoboam could be blamed if his action 'was a thing brought about of the Lord,' as the Revised has it. We may say, however, that God was going to make the wrath of man to praise him. Rehoboam preferred to be self willed, proud, and cruel, as God foresaw, and God brought it about that he should show his rash character in this way, at this time, so that he might now bring about the division of the kingdom, as prophesied to Jeroboam.

16-18. 'To your tents, O Israel.' The temper of the people may be judged from their answer to the king. The northern tribes felt they no longer had any part with the tribe of Judah to which Rehoboam belonged. The cry, 'To your tents, O Israel,' was a call to prepare for a war of secession. The tribe of David was told to look out for itself.

A tax collector is not a very popular man, especially in the Orient, and the king showed his lack of tact in sending 'Adoram, who was over the tribute,' to the seceding tribes at this time. The people speedily killed him, and King Rehoboam found it wise to hurry back to Jerusalem. Blood had been shed, and the king realized at last that he had gone too far.

19-20. 'So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day.' 'Israel' here refers to the ten tribes, as distinct from 'Judah,' to which was also joined the tribe of Benjamin, as seen by verse 21 of this chapter. The twelve tribes have never been reunited.

The ten existed as a separate kingdom until they disappeared from history, in the eighth century before Christ, following the fall of Samaria, their capital.

The prophets tell us that God will yet bring them back to his people, but in the meantime 'the lost tribes' form one of the puzzles of human history. In this connection hear the beautiful words of Jeremiah, concerning the restoration of the ten tribes of Israel:

'Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock.'

The lesson for July 10 is, 'Jeroboam's Idolatry,' I. Kings xii., 25-33.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 3.—Ways of consecrating ourselves to our country. Romans xiii., 1-7; I. Peter ii., 13-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

NATIONAL GREATNESS.

Monday, June 27.—Governed by God. Ps. lxvii., 4-6.

Tuesday, June 28.—A prosperous nation. Isa. liv., 17.

Wednesday, June 29.—Seeking the Lord. Zech viii., 22.

Thursday, June 30.—Walking in his paths. Mic. iv., 2-5.

Friday, July 1.—God's people. Ezek. xxxvii., 21-23.

Saturday, July 2.—'Whose God is the Lord.' Ps. xxxiii., 12.

Sunday, July 3.—Topic—What makes a nation great? Prov. xiv., 34. (Home Missionary Meeting.)

Clippings for Illustrations.

Teachers may draw inspiration for their work from the methods of Dr. Banks:

The church study of Dr. Louis Albert Banks, the Methodist preacher, who has recently brought his powers to bear on the Sunday-school lessons each week in 'The Sunday-School Times,' is a busy man's workshop. Four revolving bookcases show the habit of 'no time lost.' Two capacious flat-topped desks, two sides of the room lined with more bookcases, a telephone, a typewriter, and a great mass of magazines and newspapers, show how very closely he keeps in touch with the moving world about him. Asked whether he found filing-cabinets useful in his gathering of illustrations, he replied, 'I've owned probably every kind of filing system I ever heard of, and,' with a chuckle, 'I've bestowed them all on my friends. I now use up my illustrations with a prodigal hand as I go along, and depend on the Lord's being as good to me to-morrow as he has been to-day. Tried pigeon-holing illustrations? Goodness alive! I've had my walls lined with pigeon-holes full of stuff I never "could" use. Now I have nothing over ten days old on my desk.'

That is the secret of Dr. Banks's success as an illustrator of Bible truth. He gets his illustrations from the 'present' day life of the world. He turned to his desk and picked up a big handful of newspaper clippings,—fifty of them,—and read some of the headings as they appeared in type:

'Clung to ledge over abyss through long night.'

'The osprey's solid home.'

'Unhealthy telephone booths.'

'Portugal's king who pawned his crown.'

'Crippled child heiress to over twenty millions.'

That handful of fifty clippings was cut from one day's papers. 'And they've been in nobody's cyclopedia of illustrations, in nobody's sermons; they're "fresh,"' said Dr. Banks with a smile. 'It's like the manna that God sent. It comes every day, but it won't keep.'

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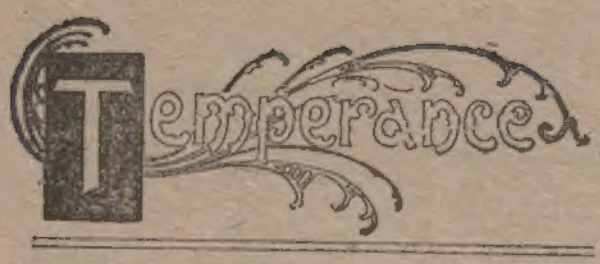
Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.



Objections Replied to.

(For a Good Templar Rally.)

I am a Templar through and through,
And proudly wear the title, too;
You, sir, or madam, may reply,
You're just as temperate as I.
You like the principles we teach,
If we but practise what we preach;
And you will help us, heart and hand,
Then come, I say, and join our band.

But, no! you'd rather not, because
We're bound by secret codes, and laws.
Now, friends, this secret is so small,
It need not block your way at all;
I here most solemnly declare
We have no goat hid anywhere,
We keep no animal to ride,
And no greased pole down which to slide.

We neither freeze nor fry our members,
Nor give them seats on glowing embers,
We meet to plan a course of action
Against the mighty liquor faction,
To aid and strengthen one another,
Each knowing each a friend and brother.
Just simply to avoid intrusion
We guard ourselves by this seclusion.

Like soldiers, we've a countersign,
Which all must give who pass the line,
A whispered word; a harmless grip,
Which proves the right to fellowship;
This constitutes our secret dread
O'er which you sigh and shake your head.

Now, this objection done away,
I reach the next. You, madam, say
You'd join us, but for this one fact,
'Twould bring you in such close contact
With—well—with people quite below you,
And those you'd rather should not know you.
Madam, the way that leads to God
Slaves' feet as well as kings' have trod.

When Christ was walking by the sea
He said to fishers, 'Follow Me';
And forth they went to preach God's word,
The humble fisher and our Lord.
Are you far better, then, than He?
Would you refuse to bend the knee
In church, because, across the aisle,
Kneels one whose clothes are out of style?

Or who is ignorant and low,
And one you do not care to know?
Refuse to battle for the right,
Because so many plebeians fight?
Refuse to seek a soul's salvation
With those beneath your social station?
Then, what will you carry in your hand,
When at the Master's feet you stand?

When humble souls lay golden sheaves,
Must you say, 'Lord, I bring but leaves?'
No treasure's bought without a price,
No gain without a sacrifice.
Where'er we go, or near or far,
We find some things that fret and jar.
Madam, no more in this connection.

Now, sir, I pass to your objection.
You think we've a glorious end in view,
You think our cause is just and true,
You think our aim a noble one,
But 'there's too much sparking going on;'
You think there's a deal of that done here,
By the way our girls and boys appear,
And you say it should not be, because
Our hall's devoted to a cause.
A holy cause, and it is not right
To have love-making there each night.

Does any Christian friend remember still,
An old brown church upon the hill;
And how each Sunday his feet strayed thither,
In spite of water, wind, or weather,
How he sat through a sermon long and dry,
With a beating heart and a glowing eye.
Because, he could see in the choir above,
A gentle face he had grown to love?

Does he remember when she glanced down,
How the red blood stained his cheek of brown?
Has he forgotten the doorway, where
He lingered till she came down the stair,
And walked by her side with little thought
Whether the sermon was good or not,
And learned the greatest lesson of youth
As he listened to God's great truth?

So if Jane, perchance, should look at Hall,
Over the top of her ritual,
Or if Joe should press Jessie's finger tip
With something beside Good Templar grip,
Or Tom to the winsome guard at the door
Should whisper the password and something more,
Why, where's the harm? Methinks a wife
Might prove as faithful to man through life
If courted in church or in our hall,
As if he had won her at fair or ball.

Away with objections; come, my friend,
And work with us to the glorious end.
Now is the time, there is work to be done,
And westward, westward, sinks the sun;
The Master calls as the days grow dim:
Where are the sheaves you will carry Him?

It is a Mistake

to suppose that temperance men and women are responsible for the evils of drinking. They are spoken of sometimes as if they were, and blamed for not having done more. They have done, however, a good deal. They have put away the drink from themselves. They have prayed and toiled and given, that others might be induced to do likewise. Their way has never failed, for the simple reason that it has never had a fair chance. What has failed is the long, dreary, ghastly attempt to use strong drink and get quit of the evils of drinking.

IT IS A FURTHER MISTAKE

to imagine that any responsibility for the salvation of drunkards rests on abstainers and not on others. If you, dear reader, be a moderate drinker, what are you doing to protect the young from the snares of our drinking customs, or to restore those who have become victims of drink? Do not say that you are not an abstainer, as if that freed you from obligation. Somebody should shelter the weak. Who is the somebody? Why should I do it while you pass by on the other side? If you cannot do it because you drink, however moderately, is not that a reason for getting quit of what keeps you from helping?—'Temperance Vanguard.'

Three Great Physicians.

A celebrated doctor, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow-physicians, who deplored his loss, said to them:—

'Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians.'

Each man, thinking himself to be one of the three, forced him to name them, upon which he replied:

'Cleanliness, Exercise, and Temperance.'

After all, these are the best physicians for the preservation of the health. Let us never forget that.

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'And Afterwards, What?'

(S. C. Bond, in the 'N. T. Advocate.')

Give us wine, ruby wine, when it sparkles and glows,
And rivals in perfume the scent of the rose;
When it moveth itself in its smooth, gentle way,
And adds to our pleasure, the joy of its sway.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us drink that is stronger by far than red wine,
Its mildness and blandness with scorn we decline;
Give us brandy to stir all our blood to new life,
And drive out all thoughts of the world's stir and strife.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us headaches that drive all our senses away;
Give us woes without number through all the long day;
Give us sadness, and sorrow, and hot, burning tears;
Give us days full of anguish, and nights full of tears.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us angry contention and madness and strife;
Give us poverty's darkness to blacken our life;
Give us wives in the mad-house to curse us and die;
Give us sad, hungry children, with no place to lie.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us redness of eyes and sore weakness of sight;
Give us noses that shine out like beacons at night;
Give us limbs full of weakness that reel as we walk,
And tongues that with babblings and foolishness talk.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us visions of serpents and all creeping things,
Of adders and vipers, each one of which stings;
Give us scorpions and nettles wherever we lie,
And the darkness of death many years ere we die.
'And afterwards, what?'

Give us souls that in error and crime have been dipped,
From which all of godliness long had been stripped,
And a conscience that never shall stir us again;
Give us torments of darkness, unending, and then,
In eternity, what?

Fog or Grog?

A coal steamer, one of the regular coasters, came ashore one night and became a total wreck. The crew were saved, but as there was no storm that was to be expected. They said it was the fog that led them astray, and hence the disaster.

A gentleman was walking on the beach soon after, and came upon some empty brandy bottles which had been washed in with the waves evidently from the wreck. 'Oh,' said he, 'I see it now! They said the cause of the wreck was fog, but the fact is that it was grog.'

Grog has been the cause of many a noble vessel being lost, but, alas! many a noble life has gone to wreck through the same cause.—'League Journal.'

If we could only close all our public-houses, the forces of true religion would be in the ascendent everywhere.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

Keep Your Top Cool.

It is reported of Artemus Ward that he once offered his flask of whiskey to the driver of the stage on the top of which he was riding through a mountainous section. The stage-driver refused the flask in most decided tones. Said he—

'I don't drink; I won't drink; I don't like to see anyone else drink. I am of the opinion of these mountains—keep your top cool. They've got snow and I've got brains; that's all the difference.'—'The Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

Correspondence

Upper Magaguadavic, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, about thirty-five miles west of Fredericton, which contains four hundred acres. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for three years, and would not be without it. There are two pretty lakes here. I can row and steer a boat, and I often go out fishing. I have read a great many books, some of which are: 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Prince of the House of David,' 'Philip Ross,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Ruby; or, a Heart of Gold,' and many others. I have two brothers and five sisters. I was thirteen years old on Nov. 16.

HAROLD McM.

Parkdale, Lunenburg Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school, and am in the third grade. I have one sister and one brother. My sister has taken the 'Messenger for about four years. I like it very much. We live on a farm containing seventy-five acres of land. At the end of our farm is the Nine Mile Lake. We go fishing in it during the months of May and June. In the summer we go to the lake and take off our shoes and stockings and play in the water, and have a lovely time.

MARION W.

St. George, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' I think it is a lovely paper. I have often thought I would like to write a letter to it, and often started one, but never finished it. We have had an awful cold winter here, but it is getting warm now. I have read quite a lot of books, some of which are: 'Mollie Winters,' 'Marjory and Muriel,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'What Katy Did at School.' I am now reading 'Robinson Crusoe.' I live half a mile from the church and school. I go to the Baptist Church and Sunday-school. I am in the fourth grade at school. I am now eleven years of age.

IRVA G.

Anagance, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought that I would write and tell you how glad I was to see my last letter in print. I think that it was Winnow O. that said she didn't like this writing about pets. I will try and describe my home. It has a flower-garden in front, and green fields all around. Some of the boys and girls said that they had grandpas and grandmas living, but I have not. My great-grandfather was an English Loyalist, and at the time of Independence he came and settled in New Brunswick. I am in the fourth book, and my lesson for to-day is 'The Burial of Moses.' This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' The story by the name of 'Wanted—A Boy,' was very nice. I think there are not many boys like Charley in this world.

RUTH S.

Kingston, Kings Co.

Dear Editor,—I live in Kingston, Kings Co., a few steps from the new McDonald School. It is a beautiful building, situated on the site of the old jail and court house that used to be here when Kingston was the shire town. The view from the top windows is magnificent. I will be glad when it opens in September. I was twelve years old on April 22, and I have one brother two years older than myself. His birthday comes on the very same date as mine. I live with my papa and my mamma. My grandpapa died about three years ago. He was ninety-four years old, and used to belong to the British army. I like to go to school, and I am very fond of music. I have got two books for prizes at school, and their titles are 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Christie's Christmas.' I have got my first 'Messenger,' and I like it very much.

MAGGIE I. B.

Fitch Bay, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live by a mill pond, which is very pretty, and we call it Mirror Pond. My father owns and runs the saw-mill. I have only one sister, but no brothers. I am twelve years of age, and I go to school and take lessons in French and music. I am going to tell you about our trip up the Memphremagog lake. We left home about seven o'clock in the morning, and went a mile and a half in a team; then we got on to a small steamer called the 'Gull,' that would carry about fifty persons, and went up to Newport, Vt. We went to see the animals of the Walter L. Main's circus. We saw elephants, camels, zebras, lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, antelopes, and monkeys, besides a great many other things I have not room to tell you about, and at four o'clock we took the boat for home. We enjoyed our trip very much. My favorite books are 'The Wide, Wide World' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Dread; or, a Story of the Dismal Swamp,' 'Self and Self-Sacrifice.' My favorite poet is Longfellow.

C. MARCELLA R.

Bayview, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but thought I would now, to say that we all appreciate it. I go to the school every day, and am in the fifth book. I study Latin, algebra, geometry, book-keeping, arithmetic, grammar, history and geography. I like Latin and book-keeping best. We have a lady teacher now, but for the last three years we have had a gentleman teacher. Bayview is a small place. There are three houses, as well as a church, an Orange Hall and a blacksmith's shop. The post-office is in the blacksmith's shop. There used to be more buildings, but they have either been burned or broken down with the snow this winter. There is a lovely view of the Georgian Bay from here, and we can see the town of Meaford (which is only a little over six miles from here) quite plainly. Meaford has a fine elevator, where large boats are unloaded in a very short time. The grain is then sent to other parts on the train. Owen Sound is about thirteen miles from here. There is a stage running from Owen Sound to Meaford four times a day, and every day in the week. I go to the Baptist Church on Sundays, and it is situated about a mile and a half from here.

M. B.

Yale, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you another letter, thanking you for the lovely fountain pen; it is worth twice the trouble it took me to get it. It is lovely weather here now. My sister and I are going to start to school soon. The school has been closed on account of smallpox. I am so glad it is warm weather at last. One of our neighbors reads my 'Messenger.' They used to get it in Canada, and they say it seems like home to see it again. I would not like to be without it, for it was our Sunday company last winter, as the snow was so deep that we could not go to Sunday-school. Uncle and Auntie and their little baby boy are with us; his name is William Clarke A. He is eight months old, and as cute as anything. I remain, the 'Messenger's' friend,

FLORA A.

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly three years, and we all like it. My grandma has taken it for over twenty-five years. I have lived in Barrie and Collingwood and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. The Soo is a terribly rough place to live in. There are over one hundred saloons in the Soo. In the summer time, however, it is a pretty place to live; and it is a nice sight to see the boats going through the locks (there are so many to go through). We prefer to live in the United States. I have two brothers older than me, and two sisters and twin baby brothers.

ROY C. B. (aged 11).

Bay View, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and think it is a good one, and I thank you very much for it. I live four miles from Owen Sound, and think it is a very nice place to live. We have a good view of Owen Sound Bay, and so we call the place Bay View. For pets I have a dog called Jack, and two rabbits. I have three sisters and three brothers, all at home. Our place has a dam on it, below which there is good fishing.

HARRY N.

Louisburg, C.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from Louisburg, I just thought I would write one, and describe this place, which is called Louisburg. Louisburg is a very nice place, and has a fine harbor. Many steamers come from all ports. There are five churches, Baptist, Methodist, English Church, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic church. There is also a Salvation Army barracks. A great many people attend it. There are a great many stores. We have two meat markets, and a shop and candy-kitchen. There is a large public school in this town, with four departments, the primary, the intermediate, the preparatory and the high school. It is just opposite our house. I go to it every day, as I have only five minutes' walk across the street. I am in the sixth grade, and I am twelve years old. I will be thirteen years old on October 21. I have two sisters younger than I am. I am the eldest of the family. The second eldest is eleven years of age, and the youngest is six years of age. I go to my grandfather's in the summer to spend my vacation. It is a lovely place, and my grandpa has a large farm. He has six milking cows. We go out in the woods to get them. It is great sport. We have two cows, and they give a lot of milk. My grandpa's house is four miles from Louisburg. There are three hotels in Louisburg. There have been great many cases of smallpox in Louisburg, but it is dying out now. As I have no more news to tell you, I will close.

SADIE McL.

Chignecto Mines, Cum. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have four brothers. We live in a small mining town; there are about five hundred people living here. I go to school every day. I am in the third grade. In the evenings, after school, I mind the baby for mamma and also study my school lessons. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. I have a canary bird, and it is two years old. With best wishes to the 'Messenger' and its readers,

ETTA G.

Island Brook.

Dear Editor,—I was very much pleased with the Bible which I received as a premium for getting up a club, and I thank you very much for it. I am eight years old, and have been attending school since last September. I got a nice book, entitled 'From the Log Cabin to the White House,' for a prize at Christmas for regular attendance at the Sunday-school. I enjoy going very much, and have not missed a Sunday for nearly a year and a half. My papa caught fifty foxes last fall. He was trapping about five or six weeks. There is a large mill pond very near my home, and I very often go fishing there in the summer. I would not know how to get along without the 'Messenger,' and I wish it every success.

CLIFFORD L. F.

Fruitland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I sent you four subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and received a Bagster Bible, which I think is very nice. I live one-half mile from the church, which is Methodist. I have not been absent from my Sunday-school class this year. I have a little brother aged seven, who goes to school.

E. P. (aged 14).

Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor,—I have heard of the 'Messenger' through the little girl next door. Her name is Pearl H. Both she and I are twelve years old, and we go to the same school. I have two little brothers, their names are Paul and Carl. My mamma has been very good to me, for she bought me a silk dress and a hat. I go to the German Methodist Church. IRENE A. T. H.

Florence.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since Christmas, and think it a nice paper. My dear mother died on Jan. 27, and my only brother last Nov. 11. I keep house for my father. For pets I have a little dog three months old, and we call her Gipsy. We live very close to the Sydenham river; it is nice down here in summer, and in one place it is only about two inches deep. In winter it is fine skating. I am going to get skates next winter. I am in the Junior Third Book. I joined the Presbyterian Church in Florence lately. My chum, G. D., and I often go fishing. I have read a lot of books, about seventy, I am sure.

LILA E. R.

Armstrong, B.C.

Dear Editor,—Mamma took the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, and read the story of Daph. We have five horses. One of them is very gentle. We can ride and drive her. We have a great variety of wild flowers here, such as syringa, the spirea, the honeysuckle, the wild rose and hyacinth. We live among the mountains, and like to go climbing in the summer time. There is a beautiful waterfall not far away, where trout are found. We often see deer and coyotes, and once a big black bear came right past our house. We have also a great many beautiful birds, and papa has seen two eagles, one of which he shot.

ELIZABETH H. W.W.

HOUSEHOLD.

To One Who Tried 'Western Reader's' Plan.

(A. M. T., in the 'Congregationalist.')

Dear ambitious little mother, you were interested in the remarks of 'Western Reader,' who is so well entitled to be called a phenomenon among housewives. I knew her remarkable energy and promptness would fan your ambitions into a lively glow and have been not surprised at the results that have followed. Your eyes were so bright and I knew you felt life so easily managed that day I met you ordering the bolts of cotton and selecting the prints and ginghams by the half-dozens.

But do you know you haven't seemed exactly yourself since that day? We have all come to feel much as your curly-haired son whom I chanced to overhear complaining the other day: 'Oh, she's got no time for anything nice nowadays. She's glued to that old sewing machine every time a fellow wants her. "Run away now, dear. I'm so busy. Get sister to help you. Don't you want to go out and play with the boys? Really, darling, you mustn't hinder me, and you're mussing that ruffle." Who cares for fixings? I wish she would love us as she used to and let us go ragged.'

No wonder those old headaches came on again and night often found a jaded look in your eyes. Cutting all one day, basting all the next, and stitching by the hour may help finish the sewing at short notice, but sometimes it will finish the sewer, too. No hired seamstress works at such a tension, or if she does she is a cross-grained, tempery creature, as much to be pitied as any galley slave, for you know that no outward coercion can spur to the effort an ambitious temperament will goad its possessor into.

If your stout, phlegmatic friend next door could be aroused to the point of spending half her customary leisure making her little girls' frocks, her purse would be heavier and her health might possibly improve. She says it is cheaper to buy everything ready-made and she goes without what she hasn't money to buy. But haven't I heard you canvassing the question whether she doesn't, after all, live her life rather more wisely than most mothers, whether her unfailing good-nature and cheery sociability aren't worth more in her home than the most immaculate housekeeping or faultlessness of appointments could ever be? If she is seldom ruffled neither is she often tired, and you know it was only an over-wrought condition of nerves last week that brought about the impatience toward the children you lamented so tearfully, or the almost unendurable tempers into which Bridget seemed to slip every time you were obliged to go into the kitchen.

No wonder the visit of Robert's deaf old uncle had never before seemed so wearisome, or that you peremptorily dismissed for a troublesome peddler the weary, downhearted widow from the farther corner of the parish to whom you had been wanting to lend aid and encouragement. And didn't you feel every moment you sat listening to garrulous old Mrs. Gibson, or waiting for leisurely Mrs. Warner to spin her long-drawn thread of platitudes, that just so many half-hours and minutes were being robbed from the day's achievement, which seemed so reasonable when planned in the morning?

Oh, yes, it would be a fine thing to work like a locomotive when by yourself and loaf like a fisherman when off duty, but it isn't every woman who can do it. Few of us can have everything. Stacks of cambric petticoats, dozens of monogramed table napkins, fresh flowers and a bright mind for the parlor and the attractive social ease of the person of culture and leisure, all on $600 a year, can't be managed in every parsonage.

Don't try to be six sorts of woman in one. I like you best as you are when you are your sweet, tranquil self, and not hurried and rushed by this absurd desire to see all the possible sewing of next season driven before your one pair of hands. The girls who have a well-read, companionable mother will make lovelier women than if each had instead always the new garment the moment needed. Do not abridge the hours you can spare for the boys that they may never lack a fresh shirt waist or ruffled collar. System is very good, for indolent people especially—only they'll not try it; but don't try to be phenomenal yourself.

Selected Recipes.

Apple Charlotte.—Butter a deep pudding dish and cover the bottom with thin slices of bread and butter. On this spread a layer of apples peeled, cored and sliced. Sprinkle with a little sugar and nutmeg. Continue with the bread and apples in layers, making the top layer of bread. Pour over the top a custard made of two eggs and a pint of milk, a pinch of salt, and sugar to taste. Cover closely and bake till done. Remove the cover and let the top brown. Serve with sugar and cream.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

Peppermints.—Boil hard for five minutes four cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of hot water, twelve drops of oil of peppermint, fifteen drops of wintergreen. Pour into a bowl and stir briskly until the mixture begins to thicken. Then drop on a cold tin dish as fast as possible. A small teaspoonful of the candy dropped on the dish will make a lozenge as large as a half dollar. Do not place the lozenges so close together that they will run into each other, or they will not be a good shape.

Take Care of the Tubs.

Dry the set tubs carefully after using them, taking care that they are perfectly clean. The condition of the tubs is responsible for the sour, musty odor of many apartment-house kitchens. Paraffin oil will remove most stains from zinc-lined tubs.

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